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THE PICTURE THAT WE TOOK.

We posed her there upon the lawn
Beside her high-backed chair,
The morning sunlight beaming on
The wavelets of her hair;
She clasped her dolly to her breast,
And we, combining, tricked
Her into stillness. Then I pressed
The button till it clicked.

Dear God, what changes time can bring!
Sometimes now, unawares,
I find myself half listening
To hear her on the stairs;
And when I chance upon her doll,
Or on her brownie men,
I almost think if I should call
She'd toddle back again.

And when through mists I look upon
The little picture we
Took of her that day on the lawn
She seems once more with me;
Once more as in those other days
The sun gleams on her hair,
And with her rubber doll she plays
Beside her high-backed chair.

In Paris, Florence, Naples, Rome,
Are noble works of art,
And famed collections here at home
Uplift and thrill the heart,
But I shall ever value best
(Though critics' views conflict),
That picture made the day I pressed
The button till it clicked.

—Chicago Record.

A Voyage Across the World.

BY E. C. KITTON.

"VERY comfortable-looking poverty, I must say, Georgia," said Geoffrey Martin, looking round the little room approvingly. Certainly the dainty furniture and hangings and the blazing fire were worthy of approval.

"I quite agree with you, Geoff," answered Georgia, from her low chair where she sat with her slippered feet on the fender. "At first we found several drawbacks, but now we have got used to making our own beds and cooking our own dinners we rather enjoy life than not. Of course, there are heaps of things that we miss, and it was pleasanter to have servants to wait upon us than to have a woman in every morning to 'do up' the rooms; but we are too busy to have leisure to pine. I teach the young ladies of the town to play the piano, and to speak their native tongue with accuracy; and Josie is daily companion to an invalid lady—hours from ten to eight, and a holiday on Sunday. We rather like it."

"But Anna would not bend her shoulders to the yoke!"

"No; Anna thought poverty in England very objectionable. So she wrote to James that she had changed her mind about going out to get married, and should sail for Melbourne in the next steamer. We wanted her to wait for an answer from him, but she had a more perfect faith in him than we had, I suppose; any way, she is gone."

"Have you heard of her arrival yet?"

"Yes, and no. We have heard that the 'Petrel' arrived safely, but we could hardly have a letter from her till this week. It is just about three months since she sailed."

"Let us hope that her letter will not bring the announcement of her marriage to somebody else upon the voyage. It would be too bad if she broke poor old Jamie's heart, and those things do happen."

"So do snowflakes in May. No, I am not going to waste much anticipatory sympathy over Jamie's heart. I am anxious to hear from Anna, though, and so is Josie. That young woman is late to-night, and I am dying to see her surprise when she finds you here."

"She is due, is she?" said Geoffrey, walking to the window and pulling aside the blind that he might look out on the garden path, dimly lighted by the gas lamps on the road. "Does she walk or drive? There is a cab now coming along."

"Walk, of course. We cannot afford carriages!"

"The cab is coming here, nevertheless. Stops at the gate—somebody gets out; it is Josie, or Anna!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Georgie, starting up in such haste that her chair went one way and the fire-irons another. "Oh, Geoff, what is it? I am so glad you are here!"

"I am glad you are glad," he returned, grimly. "There you see, if it is not Anna I am a Dutchman."

"And if it is Anna it is her heart that is broken and not Jem's," cried Georgie, rushing from the window to the front door. "Oh, my poor, poor dear!" she went on as she flung it open and caught the newcomer in her arms. "What is it all, and how came you to be back again?"

"I am so tired, Georgie! I cannot talk," answered Anna, wearily. "All my luggage is out there."

"Geoff shall see to that. Come right in, darling. You shall rest and tell us all the tale to-morrow."

Rest was just what the wayfarer wanted. She drank her hot cup of tea, and took her soup in Georgie's lately vacated chair, and was after that only too thankfully led away to bed. Her sister undressed her and settled her with all love and tenderness amongst the pillows, without permitting a word of explanation, and then ran down again to Geoff and Josie.

"I call this a horrid surprise!" she said. "I always did hate surprises; they are no better than practical jokes. What do you think of Jamie now?"

"Perhaps the poor fellow is dead," suggested Geoffrey.

"Not he; naught never comes to harm," said Josie, spitefully. "The best I can hope for him is that he is ruined."

"Well, Heaven be thanked that whatever has come to him we have Anna back safe. She looks horribly ill. Geoff, you will come in to-morrow to hear all there is to hear about it?" For Geoff was evidently ready to depart.

"I shall be in first thing, of course. I would stop if I might, but it won't do to scandalize your pupils. If there is anything to be done you will fetch me directly?"

"I am so glad you are here!" said Georgie again.

Poor Anna! her tale was told in few words, but those few words contained a volume of sorrow. Her outward voyage had been prosperous and exceedingly pleasant. She was leaving poverty behind her, and was about to meet the man to whom her whole heart was given, and who had, as she knew, made a comfortable living for himself. She was strong and well and light-hearted, and all on board the vessel conspired to court and flatter her. She might have chosen a husband from amongst half a dozen men, but it was Jamie she wanted and Jamie to whom she was going. All through the voyage she pictured his delight when he should rush on board the "Petrel" to welcome her, but the "Petrel" arrived and there was no Jamie. Nor the next day, nor the next day; she settled herself in a hotel, wrote to him and waited.

After three days' waiting a lady was ushered into her room—a lady most distinctly of the strong-minded genus. Not a bad-looking woman, Anna thought to herself as the two stood watchfully regarding one another; not bad looking, nor vulgar, nor quite a lady, nor just at this moment quite at her ease.

"You are Miss Edgar, aren't you?" she said, after that pause of inspection. "It is rather awkward for us, you see. I am Mrs. Barrington—you won't take it kindly, I am afraid—but Jem would not come himself, he would send me. Now what can we do to put things as right as they can be?"

So the delay was explained. The delighted bridegroom had not rushed to greet his bride because he was already husband to another woman. It went hard with Anna, but she was a proud woman and compelled herself to give a cold attention to the explanations that Mrs. Barrington forced upon her. As if, being betrayed, it mattered to her how the thing was done! A rescue from danger on the one side, a nursing through an illness on the other. What did it matter to the woman they had cheated? Mrs. Barrington's offers of assistance were haughtily declined, and the first steamer that left Melbourne carried Anna Edgar with it.

"Did you foresee this, Georgie, when you gave me the exact passage money in that purse 'towards the house plenishing?'"

"Don't ask home questions, darling," answered Georgie with kisses. "Lie still and get well as quickly as you can."

For Anna had been exceedingly ill upon the return voyage, and was still terribly weak and shaken. The sympathy of all the place was with her, for seeing the impossibility of keeping the disaster secret, the Edgars had decided to speak of it openly at once, and friendly gifts of all kinds came in to show the kindly feeling of the neighbors. The little house overflowed like a cornucopia with fruit and flowers.

Geoffrey hung about, ready to nurse, run errands, write letters, or do anything that could be required of him, as long as his business could spare him, and then unwillingly announced that he must go.

"You will say it is heartless of me if I suggest that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, squeezing Georgie's hand as they sat over the twilight fire; "but you see Anna could not have done me a better turn than by coming to grief in this way. All your misfortune seems to be good luck to me. If she had not come back I should have been afraid to ask you to come to me, Georgie, darling, for you would have said you could not leave Josie. I cannot offer you anything like what you are used to or what you ought to have, but you say you do not mind being poor."

"I like it, Goeff, dear," answered Georgie; "and, besides, your poverty is wealth compared with ours."

Three-and-twenty was Anna Edgar when she went out to Australia in the "Petrel." At three-and-thirty she was Anna Edgar still, and the "Petrel" was steaming towards England with James Barrington on board.

The little house in Oxford road had proved a cheery home during these ten years to two busy and therefore happy women. Josie had tended the invalid to the close of her pilgrimage, and now aided her young daughter in the superintendence of the household; Anna had stepped into the place that Georgie left vacant, and had become famous through the neighborhood as a teacher of elocution. Her romantic story, instead of covering her with contempt as she expected, had brought her hosts of sympathizers and admirers. Life had prospered with the sisters, and they could now afford to work leisurely if they chose.

On a day in August, Anna Edgar was taking decided holiday. Georgie and her babes had just left after one of their frequent gleeful visits, and she was resting in preparation for the next event. Her music was open on the piano, and her blotting book on the writing table; but her attention was wholly taken up with certain patterns of laces and silks and velvets that were spread before her. She was evidently choosing a dress or dresses for some important occasion, and she fingered one pattern after another with lingering care. Anna had always been handsome, but she was handsomer now than ten years back, and to-day, with an expression of gentle contentment upon her face, she looked particularly well. She was so entirely engrossed in the train of thought with which the silks and laces were associated that she did not notice the sound of footsteps coming through the garden, and started when Mary ushered into the room "a gentleman to speak to you, Miss Anna." With a flush of surprise on her beautiful face, she turned to encounter her old lover James Barrington.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said, drawing herself back haughtily after the first shock of astonishment had passed. "You can scarcely have wished to see me."

"There is no mistake," answered James. "I have come across the world for that purpose. They tell me you are still Miss Edgar."

"That is perfectly correct, but I fail to see what concern it is of yours—now," she cried, with emphasis.

"I have come across the world, as I said, to seek you out, and ask if you have forgiven me for what happened ten years ago, Anna. This is my only child," he said, pointing to a little girl in a mourning frock, who hung shyly behind him.

Anna looked curiously at the child of the woman who had supplanted her. She bore a softened resemblance to her mother, but in her face was a strange expression indicative of Anna knew not what.

"Indeed," said Anna, and paused inquiringly.

"I have brought her with me," resumed James; "she is all I have. It is almost two years since she lost her mother."

"And you probably wish her to be educated in England. I am sorry to hear of your loss; it is a great charge to be left with so young a child to train."

Anna was aware that she spoke stiffly and indifferently, but she was still in the dark as to the meaning of the present interview, and she resented what she looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion.

"I brought her with me because I could not do without the only creature I have belonging to me, and, besides, I want to show her to an English doctor. Anna, you do not know what my loneliness is, and how ill I can bear to be alone. I never could bear to be by myself. It was that that brought about what you must look on as my treachery toward you. You know how I urged you to come out to me, and how you would still wait till I could come to fetch you. It was too lonely, and then I met with Jessie. She told you all about it; she was good to me and I married her. Then you came out, two months too late, and it broke my heart, Anna, for it was you always that I loved."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, aghast, as he ended with an appeal in his voice. "This is scarcely fit talk before your wife's daughter."

"Do you not know," he said, bitterly, "the child is stone deaf? The same calamity that deprived me of her mother took away her hearing. We may say what we choose before her; she only knows what we say on our fingers."

"Poor little soul!" said Anna, suddenly relenting toward the mute little figure, and taking her into her friendly arms. She understood now the strange expression that she had noticed on the child's face.

"It is a heavy trial to her and to me, and she has no mother. Anna, I have come to see if you can be won to forgive me the past and take the place now that you have always had in my heart. I am a rich man now in everything but happiness; I can give you all the luxuries you were born to, and if you do not choose to go to Australia I will sell my property there and purchase an estate where you please in England."

Anna had released the child, and now stood proudly confronting its father.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear of your prosperity; it must surpass even your expectations, and I trust that you may long enjoy it. But, as I said at the beginning, you have made a mistake; your presence here is uncalled for."

"I know," said James, earnestly, "that you must even yet feel sore and angry when you think of my treatment of you; but you do not realize how much I too have undergone. Jessie was a good woman, a good wife, but she was not the woman that I loved."

"More shame for you," interrupted Anna.

James put up his hand imploringly.

"You speak truly; but it was you—you always that I carried in my heart, and it is you that I have come back to seek. Anna, if you are still angry with me, will you not have compassion on the child? Think of her helplessness, for what am I as a guardian to that little thing? Women are always tender-hearted, and the child has never offended you. Think of her need and my need, and of how I have loved you always."

"And betrayed me," said Anna; but he went on unheeding her.

"And how I love you still. Will you not yield? You are still Anna Edgar."

"I am," said she, blushing in spite of herself; "but here is Dr. Wilberforce. I had better refer you to him, for this day month I shall be Mrs. Wilberforce."

"Anna, Anna! am I too late? Have I come across the world in search of you in vain?"

"You forget, perhaps," she answered coldly, "that there was a time when you led me across the world in search of you in vain. I loved you once, but I am only a woman, and if I were weak enough to love you still I should scarcely have courage to risk a second betrayal."

She stood before him, proud and prosperous and happy, and if she had desired revenge for her past wrongs she had it in that hour.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Hint to Young Authors.

The letter left by the postman was thinner than the bulky ones he usually brought, and the struggling young author tore it open eagerly.

"Your recent favor"—thus ran the editor's letter—"stating that you inclose manuscript story with stamps for return if not acceptable, has been received. Your contribution is accepted."

"At last!" exclaimed the young author, joyfully, but his heart sank as his eye caught the following:

"P. S.—You neglected to inclose the manuscript."—Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF A MONTANA MINE.

People Who Enter It Fall Asleep and Their Bodies Become Rigid.

"In this line of work we come across some curious accidents and narrow escapes," said Deputy Mine Inspector Frank Hunter the other night. "One thing struck me long ago, and that is how much it takes to kill a man sometimes and how easily the thread of life is often snapped.

"Down in Colorado I knew a fellow who plunged down 800 feet in a single compartment shaft. He went to the bottom, but did not break a bone. Of course, he was pretty badly jarred up and a good deal frightened, but he was all right again in a day or two. When he fell he went down feet first, and a big oilskin that he wore opened out at the bottom and acted as a parachute. He said the last part of his descent was so much slower than the first that he hardly thought he was dropping at all and half expected to remain suspended in the shaft like Mohammed's coffin.

"Nearly always when a man falls any distance he turns over, if he starts feet downward, and finishes his plunge head first. I have seen a number of cases where the man fell with his boots on and was found barefooted when he was picked up. I suppose this is because the blood goes to the head, making the feet smaller, and besides the pressure of the air upon the heel and counter acts as a bootjack.

"I had to go over to Sand Coulee to investigate an accident in which one man was killed and another had three ribs broken. Speaking of Sand Coulee, it struck me while I was there that if I wanted to commit suicide I would go there to do it. I don't mean that life becomes such a burden in the coal country that the ties that bind are more easily severed than elsewhere, but that it affords unsurpassed facilities for a cheap and happy dispatch. It's a wonder to me that some of the many people who annually launch themselves into eternity from Butte do not take the Sand Coulee route.

"Down in the coal mines there is one passage that is three miles long, and in some of the chambers air does not seem to circulate. Upon the walls there is a gathering of moisture, and if you puff a cigar in one of these chambers the smoke will seek the walls, where it clings with an undulating movement like a spray of weeds under running water. That dew on the walls is white damp, and the dead air of the chamber where it is found is poisonous. In a few minutes a feeling of drowsiness steals over a man who breathes it, and before long he is asleep and dreaming deliciously, so those say who have been resuscitated. But the sleep is akin to that of the lost traveler over whose numbed limbs the arctic snow eddies and drifts, for unless help comes soon there is no awakening. If, however, the venturesome explorer of these underground deathtraps realizes his danger in time and manages to stagger out into the fresh air, he has an experience to undergo which may cause him to regret that he did not remain inside. Every bone and muscle aches with the intolerable poignancy that is known to convalescents from yellow fever. The treatment is simple, but effective. Being nearly dead, the sufferer is nearly buried. A hole is dug in the soft earth, and the victim is made to stand up in it while the dirt is thrown in around him until only his head is seen above ground. This draws out the soreness, and in a short time the patient has recovered."—Butte (Mont.) Miner.

NOTED BRANDS OF CHEESE.

Four Varieties Made in Different Countries Are Universally Known.

When Colorado manufactures cheese she manufactures the most palatable and most universal of all foods. She also manufactures that which costs her comparatively little and is salable for comparatively much. That is to say, it is not difficult nor is it expensive to grow and feed good milch cows in this state—in almost any part of this state—while between Iowa and California no state has any special capacity for exceeding Colorado, either in the amount of milk that can be turned into whey and cheese or in facilities for reaching a big market.

As a matter of fact, there are only four brands of cheese in the world that constitute a regular adjunct to the table of all classes of consumers. These are the Stilton cheese of England, the Edam cheese of Holland, the schweitzerkase of Switzerland and the Herkimer of New York. The Stilton cheese is said to derive its distinguishing qualities from the pasturage of the stock; the Edam gets its qualities from the manner of manufacture; the Swiss from the herbs used in the composition, and the Herkimer from both the pasturage and the herbs.

Four brands of cheese in an entire world, however, is a parsimonious number to have achieved distinction. There is plenty of room for another brand. And Colorado has ample chance to occupy this room. Wisconsin and Iowa are struggling for it, but neither Wisconsin nor Iowa has the Colorado grasses, the Colorado flowers, the Colorado opportunities for aging and flavoring. Therefore, why should not a Colorado cheese, a Pike's peak cheese, or a Douglass county cheese, a Ute cheese, or some such nomenclatured article gradually work itself into the lists with Stilton and Edam and schweitzerkase and Herkimer?—Denver Times.

Model of Neatness.

"Clara is a model of neatness, but sometimes she carries things to extremes."

"To what do you refer?"

"Why, she brushes the teeth of her sprocket-wheel every morning."—Judge.

Good Grounds for Grief.

Claud—Don't you think that Miss Passee has a sad face?

Maud—Well, if I had a face like that I'd be sad, too.—Town Topics.

FASHION AND FANCY.

A Few Notes on Early Autumn Costumes.

Half a dozen years ago the woman of any age who would have entered a car in the day time or walked on one of the public thoroughfares in a broad-brimmed hat of white fancy braid with trimming of white plumes, white ribbon and sprawling aigrettes or bird of paradise feathers, would have taken nineteen-twentieths of the eyes in the immediate vicinity, and might have felt rather thankful if she escaped audible criticism or even worse. Surely usage makes a great deal of difference. Now we pass through tossing billows of the most extravagantly conspicuous millinery, and never even know that it is there, so accustomed are we to its presence. In fact, the era of eccentric headgear has fully set in, and just what will be the end nobody seems to know.

Among the novelties are hats made of shirrings of the softest chiffon and other equally thin materials. These shirrings and ruchings are put on over farmers that are twisted and warped, bent and curved in the most artistic fashion. Masses of seasonable flowers and autumn leaves are pressed into the folds and convolutions of the brim, and bird of paradise feathers and aigrettes are an almost indispensable portion of the garniture.

These thin materials come in all colors, and if one has a bit of ingenuity very novel effects are realized by a little painstaking and patience.

The early autumn hat of fancy braid is already in evidence. The trimming most liked is a scarf of soft silk, crepe or silk muslin. Wings, autumn leaves, plumage of all sorts and ostrich tips are lavishly used. Plaited lace is coming into favor for hat trimmings, and velvet flowers, absolutely smothered in lace edgings, will be used on winter millinery. A stylish hat has a moderately wide brim rolled up at the back and faced in front with velvet, which extends within an inch of the edge all around. This edge is of fancy braid, and is put on in plaits or twisted so as to make the edge quite heavy. The trimming is of rolls of soft thin fabric and ostrich plumes that stand high up over the forehead.

A novelty hat has a wide brim rolled closely up at one side. Next the hair on this rolled up side is an enormous cluster of roses and foliage. From this rise three ostrich plumes, either one of them at least ten inches in length. They spread slightly to form a fan at the side, and the ends curl over upon the crown of the hat. The remainder of the hat is without trimming save a roll of thin material.—N. Y. Ledger.

NOT THE RIGHT TICKET.

When Perkasie's Agreement Fell to the Ground.

"Where is the lady's ticket?" asked the conductor, who had taken Mr. Perkasie's ticket and punched it.

"Oh, she doesn't need a ticket, conductor," replied Mr. Perkasie.

'Why doesn't she?"

"Because she is my wife. We were married this morning."

"That has nothing to do with it. She can't travel without a ticket, unless somebody pays her fare in cash."

"But, conductor, I've always heard that a man and his wife are one. That is what the parson said when he married us, and if we were one then we are one now, on the train or anywhere else."

The conductor was not particularly busy on that run, as passengers were not numerous, so he decided to argue the question out with Mr. Perkasie instead of resorting to extreme measures, demanding fare and putting the delinquent off the train in the event of refusal of pay. So he said:

"Your contention that a man and his wife are one is all right, but you didn't tell the ticket-seller that you wanted a ticket for both of you to travel, did you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that is where you made your mistake, and so you will have to pay the lady's fare this time. You bought a single ticket, when you should have asked the agent for a married ticket. Three dollars, please."

The money was handed over.—N. Y. World.

Dress Notes.

Do not fail to run a skirt braid along the under edge of street skirts of linen or heavy cotton goods unless you prefer to see the edge cut out after wearing them a few times.

Stockinet and good rubber dress shields can be washed in warm soap suds, pulled into shape and dried by hanging them in a window.

Bent whalebones, the genuine article, are straightened by soaking them in boiling water for a few moments and then ironing them straight.

A creamy ecru shade, now so fashionable, can be given to white lace after washing it by putting strained coffee in the rinsing water until the right color is obtained.

Lace that has grown too yellow from age can be whitened by covering with soap suds and allowing it to stand in the sun.—Chicago Record.

Treatment for the Hair.

Sulphur soap is recommended for use in washing the hair. Many authorities say that gray hair is caused by the loss of the pigment that gives color to the filaments. Since sulphur enters largely into this pigment composition, it is claimed that washing the hair with sulphur soap will restore the original color. Sulphur cream is frequently rubbed into the scalp with excellent effect, but the indiscriminate use of sulphur preparations should be avoided, and a physician or hair specialist should be consulted before going in for sulphur treatment.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Powerful Argument.

Her Father—So you wish to marry my daughter?

The Diplomat—Yes; but a dearer wish of mine is to comfort your own declining years.

Her Father—Say no more. You'll do.—N. Y. Journal.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—What They Play.—"What is the great gambling game in Klondike?" "Freeze out, I imagine."—Philadelphia North American.

—Assuring.—She—"Do you think the bull would have killed me if he had chased me?" He—"Oh, it would have been a toss-up!"—Truth.

—Sue Brette—"I think that friend of yours will get on the stage some day." Foote Light—"You must take him for a bad egg."—Yonkers Statesman.

—She—"The Greek church employs two rings in the marriage ceremony." He—"Yes; and some circuses employ three rings."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"What is horse sense, Uncle Jim?" "I don't know exactly, but a man oughtn't to trust himself on a bicycle unless he has got it."—Chicago Record.

—Bessie—"There's that horrid Miss Newrich talking to Lord Brokeleigh. Hasn't she awful manners?" "Yes; but she's doing her best to be a lady."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Why, I'd like to know," said a lady to a judge, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?" Because she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay," answered the judge.—Tit-Bits.

—Suspicious. — Governess — "Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?" Bertie—"'Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup."—Puck.

FASHION AMONG SAVAGES.

Queer Things That Strange People Do in Various Parts of the World.

Modesty in dress, more than any other virtue, varies with the latitude and longitude. The Samoans, for example, have come to look upon the wearing of clothes as a religious function in consequence of the efforts of the missionaries to make the natives dress themselves. So that it is a common sight at Sunday morning service to see the Samoan women take their seats decorously clad in Mother Hubbards, and after the service is over walking home with their Mother Hubbards on their arms.

It is considered immodest for Chinese women to let their small feet, acquired by such painful torture, be seen peeping out from underneath their dress. Any Chinese picture which shows feet of this kind is considered positively indecent by the Celestials. In some other parts of Asia it is considered immodest for a woman to show the ends of her fingers, while among Mahometan women of Arabia, who are closely veiled, exposing the back of the neck in an emergency is held to be a much greater breach of decorum than displaying the face.

For a Carribean woman to go out of the hut without being painted with arnotto is to transgress all the native rules of decency. The Tassai women of New Guinea wear two or three petticoats, one over another, and nothing else. If the native women of Sumatra have their knees properly covered the rest does not matter, while the native women of some parts of Alaska, who have been induced to remove the heavy ornament which hangs from their lower lip, act as if they were much ashamed and embarrassed.

The Maoris of both sexes in New Zealand put on clothes when the weather grows cold, while the natives of some islands off the coast of Guinea wear clothes only when they are going on a journey. Some Indians of Venezuela are ashamed to wear clothes before strangers, as it seems indecent to them to appear unpainted.

"In Tahiti," says Sir John Lubbock, "a person not properly tatttoed would be as much reproached and shunned as if with us he should go about the streets naked." The Papuans of the southwest coast of New Guinea think that clothing is fit only for women. In the Andaman islands the women think the same thing about the men.

The tyranny of fashion is as strong in Greenland as it is in Paris. The mainspring of everything the Greenlanders do, according to Cranz, is their fear of being blamed or mocked by other men. When Dr. Livingstone's carriers reached Balonda, in Central Africa, the young women could not keep in their laughter at the sight of bare backs, though their own costume was of the scantiest, because the native men of Balonda wore shoulder capes of skins.—N. Y. World.

Mad Cats Worse Than Mad Dogs.

According to the returns just published by the Pasteur institute at Paris, fully ten per cent. of the patients treated there owe their injuries to the bites of cats afflicted with hydrophobia. These wounds are considered by the medical officers in attendance to present a greater degree of danger than the bites of mad dogs, not because there is any difference in the virus, but because, in the first place, the teeth of cats, being more pointed than those of dogs, inflict a deeper wound, and also because a mad dog usually fastens his fangs into the arm, the hand or the leg, while a cat invariably jumps for the face of the person it attacks. The nerve centers are far more exposed in the face than in either the arms or legs, and hence the virus enters into the circulation more rapidly by means of a bite in the face than through one elsewhere in the body. It may be added that the returns of the Pasteur institute for the last year show that one per cent. of the patients who have submitted themselves to treatment have been bitten by mad cows.—N. Y. Tribune.

Satisfaction to the Queen.

They have quaint ideas of the demands of loyalty in the far east. Some years ago an English official in India was robbed, and due complaint was made. After some months the emir of the district reported: "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen."—Detroit Free Press.